1: Cunningham G-3 (1846-47) 1854 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

● 534

The DRIL-BU, or Bell.

A. Cunningham Del.

P. 373a

1: Cunningham G-3 (1846-47) 1854 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

VI.—RITES AND CEREMONIES.

796
534 The religious service of the Lamas is performed at three fixed periods of the day; at sunrise, noon, and sunset. The service consists of the recitation or chanting of portions of the *Do* (Sutras, or "Precepts") or of the *Dulva* (Vinaya, or "Rules of Discipline"), accompanied by the solemn sound of several musical instruments. These are:—1st, large sliding trumpets, five and six feet in length, called *Chhos-Dung*, or "holy trumpets;" 2nd, large drums, *Chhos Ná;* and 3rd, large brazen cymbals, *Bul-chhal.* Sometimes also a conch, *Dung-kar*, is used. The musical sounds are slow and prolonged, and the effect is exceedingly solemn and even melancholy. During the performance of the service incense is kept regularly burning, and offerings of fruit and grain, and even of meat, are made to the figures of *Shakya Thubba* (or Buddha), *Chanrazik* (or Avalokiteswara), and *Jámya* (or Manju Sri).

Moorcroft, who frequently witnessed the daily service of the Lamas, thus describes it.* "The religious service of the Lama, which is performed daily at the *Gon-pas*, or temples attached to monasteries, consists chiefly of prayers and chanting, in which the formula '*Aum! mani-padmé, hun!*' is frequently repeated; and the whole is accompanied with the music of wind instruments, chiefly harmonizing with tabrets and drums. Amongst the former is a sliding trumpet of large size, which is upheld by one man whilst blown by another, and has a very deep and majestic intonation; a hautboy, the reed of which is surrounded by a circular plate covering the mouth, and the conch shell, with a copper

* Travels, I. p. 344.

1: Cunningham G-3 (1846-47) 1854 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

mouth-piece; metallic cymbals, much more mellow and sonorous than others, complete the band."

But the religious service of the Lamas is not confined to the recitation of the *Dulva* and the *Do*, or to the frequent repetition of the six-syllabled *mantra*, "*Aum! Mani-padmé, hun!*" They occasionally proclaim aloud the numerous titles of the supreme Buddha; and recite, with endless repetition, the different mystical sentences peculiar to the various Bodhisatwas, and to the Tántrika Sáktis, or female energies of the Dhyáni Buddhas. They also recite mystical sentences from the Tantras, to deprecate the wrath of the furious Káli (*Chandá*, the angry goddess).

The following are specimens of these *mantras*, or mystic sentences. They are all in the Sanskrit language:—

1. The Mantra of *Shakya Thubba* (Buddh'a).

Namah Sámanta Buddhánam! Sarva-klesha nishuddhana;
Sarvva dharma vahiprapta; gagana sama sama, swáhá!

"Glory to the chief Buddhas! Reliever of all suffering!
Master of all virtue! Equal, equal to the Heavens! adoration!"

2. The Mantra of *Kuntu-Zangpo* (Samanta-bhadra).

Namah Sámanta Buddhánam! Sámantanugati, varaja,
Dharmanirgati, mahá, mahá, swáha!

"Glory to the chief Buddhas! acquirer of distinction, best-born,
Who goeth forth with virtue; great, great adoration!"

3. The Mantra of *Champa* (the future Buddha).

Namah Sámanta Buddhánam! ajitanajaya,
Sarvva Satwayasháyanugata, Swáhá!

"Glory to the chief Buddhas! conqueror of the invincible,
Possessor of the fame of all purity, adoration!"

4. The Mantra of *Chakna-Dorjé* (Vajra-Páni).

Namah Sámanta Vajránám! Chanda Maha-roshana,-hun!

"Glory to the chief Vajras; fierce and greatly-angry, *hun!*"

were quite unknown in Ladák, hence the Indian word. 600

BELL--teeloo or treelo (small or hand bell) and SHnga (large). The SHnga is not unlike a small Church bell, it does not swing but is sounded by means of a string, tied to the tongue, which is thus made to strike the bell. tripSHil (the bells usually seen on the breast band of the ponies of Lámas and Lhása men). 534

BETROTH TO--treechhang (or teechhang) stàr ches, among Ladákis, betrothals, which are the occasion for a little drinking of tea and chhang,[1] are arranged by parents in consultation with relatives. Having fixed upon a match, which from a wordly point of view, seems desirable, they then refer to the lámas, to see if the destinies of the proposed couple suit. If they are found to be unsuited the betrothal is given up. A youth is betrothed when he is about 20 years of age, and a girl perhaps two years earlier. After the betrothal or "teechhang stàr ches, the wedding or "pakston" may take place within a month, or it may be put off for a year or more. If a male child possessing property, is left alone in the world, he is betrothed at once to some fully grown woman, who acts, as [11] his nurse during his childhood, and as his wife during his later years. This is not found an inconvenient practice as a Tibetan may have two "little" wives, in addition to his original "pakston" wife. The dowry (rinto) is fixed at the time of betrothal, but it is not given till the marriage takes place, and sometimes even after that. This dowry is paid by the bridegroom to the father or other nearest male relative of the bride. 584 [787] [793] 585 768 584 [595] 585

BIBLE--zhalchat hngáma is the word used by Missionaries, meaning "mouth promise former." If an ordinary villager used the expression, he would mean that he had obtained a promise actually from the mouth of some superior. See also under "Gospel". 600

BLESS TO--chagyang táng ches. This term is applicable to the "laying on of hands" or blessing, bestowed by a high lama, or incarnation, placing his hand on the bowed and bared heads of the laymen kneeling before him. The general word for "to bless" is "skiopches" God bless you; konjok kiol la skiopSHes dzat SHik. Chinlap táng ches is "to give sacred pills". 793 788

[1] [i.e, barley beer-- Analyst]

797 796 778 778 CHURCH--chhoskhang. The Ladáki Buddhists do not as a rule assemble for public worship, though at the time of their New Year's day and on a few other occasions, large numbers of them go to the monasteries, to worship. The room into which they go is called the "chhoskhang" or "sacred books room." In the house of nearly every rich Buddhist there is a room called the "hlakchung" in which idols are kept and where a lama is in constant attendance, to pray, and keep the lights burning. Nearly every poor man too has an idol room in his house called "chhodkhang".

764 [22]COFFIN--Buddhists burn their dead so do not require coffins, but a kind of box or coffin called rórGHam or rumGHam is used for the conveyance of a corpse to the burning ground. This [797] box, which is square, and without any lid, belongs to the monastery conducting the funeral. It is used repeatedly for the same purpose.

534 [23]CONCH--tung. The Tibetans, like the Hindus, use the conch as a musical instrument in connection with worship. They attach a mouth-piece to one end and a sort of trumpet-shaped pipe to the other, to increase the sound. This instrument is called a kártung.

428 342 [25]COTTAGE--khángpa (or khámpa) is the general term for a house or cottage. The small house occupied by parents after having given up their ordinary house, to their eldest son, on the occasion of his marriage, is called "kháng oo," while the bigger house or cottage, made over to the son, is called "kháng chhen."

601 COUSIN--azhang (throogoo or) thoogoo (father"s brother's child). áney thoogoo (father's sister's child); ámey mingbey thoo goo (mother's brother's child). ámey máchung thoogoo (mother's sister's child).

231 COW--bálang general, zhodma when in milk, barkam not in milk, dzómo the hybrid cow, a cross between the tame yak bull and an ordinary cow. The cows of Ladák give very little milk sometimes not even a seer a day. The milk of the dzomo is not of so delicate a flavour as that of the cow, but it produces excellent butter.

583 DOWER--rinto or zho or in the case of Mahomedans "mehr." The sum of money paid by the bridegroom to the father or other nearest male relative of the bride. The goods given to a woman on her marriage, including what we should call her "trousseau," and "dot" is called "raktak".

● 534 DRUM--denjang the big drum--body of wood and played upon like our big drums; dolti a brass drum like a kettle drum; daman a kettle drum; daps a drum played with the hands like a tambourine; daroo a very peculiar little drum used by lámas when dancing. It is shaped like an hour-glass and held in the centre, short strings with small pieces of wood attached to their ends are fastened on at either end; and when the hand is shaken these pieces of wood come in contact with the parchment heads of the drum, and thus sound it. There being several strings at each end, the sound produced is rather that of a rattle than of a drum. Denjang (or dolti, etc.,) rdung ches to play the drum.

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273 DRUNKARD--rárospa or rárce or rároskhan. The Ladákis can not be called drunkards. They all drink chhang very freely, and frequently get very cheery in consequence, but even in their cups they are usually good tempered and harmless. They seldom get dead drunk. The expression zeekopkop chha ches signifies to be fuddled, or partially intoxicated.

439 386 [35]DYE--tshos the durable dyes of the country, rang the bright, but not fast, dyes imported from India.

136 825 EAGLE--lák. The Chinese or Lhasa pug dogs are called "lák khee" because it is believed that if a human being lays hands upon a young eagle, when freshly hatched, the bird is transformed into a dog of the Chinese pug breed.

291 EAR FLAP--hnaslan or noslan. The woollen lappets worn by Ladáki women over their ears. In shape and size they resemble the blinkers worn by a carriage horse. They are edged with fur and are plaited into the hair.

731 823 EARTHQUAKE--samgul. Ladákis think that the earth is supported, in the midst of an ocean, on the back of a large fish, and that whenever this fish rolls about, earthquakes are felt. In LADAK THEY ARE ALMOST UNKNOWN.

4 [i.e., BARLEY BEER -- ANALYST]

●534 TRUMPET--turump (military); zangdung (the long copper trumpet, used by Lamas; it is about eight feet long, one man holds the mouth-piece and blows it, while another holds up the other end of the instrument).

429 TRUSTEE--chólma. The old Ladak custom in regard to trusts was that, except in family matters, if a man entrusted his goods to another to keep, that person was answerable for them for only nine years. If the owner failed to demand his property within that period, his claim lapsed. Hence a trustee was called a "chólma lórgioo" or "nine years" trustee."

301 TURQUOISE--hioo (general term); hioothra (the small stones used for rings, etc.); dunhioo (the large stone worn on the front centre of the "peyrak" (see "Head dress"); hioo (the ordinary Stones on the "peyrak"). There are separate names to describe the exact kind of stone, thus the "hioopuk" is the best, it is free from flaws and with very little green in it; the "thrukmar" is the next best, and "thrukkar" is the next [163] best. These three classes comprise all the good stones. In-
[439] ferior kinds are known as "pot-hioo" and "rgiáhioo." Turquoises of the last two classes come to Ladák from Lhása or China; they are full of flaws and generally very green. The best turquoises come up from India. Ladákis object to flaws, but they like a little green, as they consider it a sort of guarantee that the turquoise has not been manufactured.

763 ULCER--hngiánbur or shooa (general). Ladákis think that fish living
776 in or near a spring are really fairies; they call them "hlángia," or "hloongia" or "tungngia," according to their species. It is supposed that if a person eats, or troubled with these fish, he will be troubled with ulcers, which will not heal till the injured fish recovers its health. Such ulcers are called "hlooskion."

783 UNCTION--thrus táng (or sol) ches. This is the word used to express the Lámáistic ceremony of pouring holy water, from a pungpa," over the head of a person, to cleanse him from his sins. After pouring a little water on the head, the worshipper receives a little water in the palm of his hand; he drinks a little, and then puts the rest of it to his eyes.

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/Following page 205/

Mon (musicians)

6: Gazetteer G-5 (ca. 1840-1883) 1883-4 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

loose red trowsers, the ends of which are tucked into the boots, and a shawl over their shoulders; they go bare-headed, and wear their hair in a number of small plaits which hang down the back. On the top of their heads the married women wear a *pirák* or silver ornament from which depend strings of beads on both sides of their faces, and long tails of leather studded with coarse turquoises. The girls wear only a single turquoise threaded on the hair near the parting: this, like the snood in Scotland, is a sign of their being unmarried. In winter both sexes wear great-coats made of sheep skin with the wool on. In Láhaul the dress of the men is much the same as that worn in Kúlu, the only difference being that the coat is longer and of thicker and darker cloth, and that trowsers are always worn; the women, on the other hand, dress like those of Spiti, except that straw sandals replace the long boots. It is not easy at first to distinguish a Láhauli nun, if young, from a lad, as they shave their heads and dress like men.

Chapter III, B. Social and Religious Life. Dress of Láhaul and Spiti.

Horse-racing and shooting with the long bow are amusements common to both Láhaul and Spiti, and are practised at meetings held at particular seasons. Prizes are given at the races, and the rider of the last horse is subjected to a good deal of ridicule and practical jocking. The target at an archery meeting consists generally of a pillar of snow with a leaf for a bull's eye. The archers excite themselves by treating the pillar as an effigy of some traditional tyrant, and cry out "let the Rana of Ghúsa have it in the goitre" or "give the Kárdang *naplang*, one in the eye." Stakes of cash or grain are shot for.* Both Spiti men and Láhaulis have almost always got dice about them, with which they amuse themselves by gambling at odd moments. Evening parties are common enough, at which much *cháng* or beer is drunk, and men and women dance a kind of quadrille or country dance together in a very brisk and lively fashion to the music of flageolets and tambourines played by the *Bedas*.

Amusements.

In Láhaul as in Kúlu generally only one family lives in one house. The average number of souls is 5·7 per house and 5·5 per family. In Sára, that is the valley of the Bhága, it is common for several brothers to live together; but separation is becoming more common. In Pattan, where Hindúism prevails, division is the rule of the Spiti family. Mr. Anderson writes as follows:—

Constitution of the family.

"The number of souls per house is only 3·6, and per family 3·3. This is the result of the peculiar custom prevailing in Spiti by which the eldest son on his marriage ousts his father from the 'big house' and is himself ousted in return. Primogeniture prevails in Spiti; and the eldest son in the father's lifetime succeeds to the ancestral property, and becomes responsible for the revenue and other burdens incidental to its possession. The younger brothers go to the ancestral cell in the *gonpa* (or monastery), where they are entitled to maintenance. Should a *lámá's* (or monk's) elder brother die without issue, he may resign the priesthood and take possession of the ancestral house. The eldest son has to give up to his father two or three fields by way of maintenance. I was told that it was considered no hardship for the father thus to resign in his son's favour. This custom has given rise to the following names":—

* Formerly the bow was the weapon both of war and of the chase in these countries. Mr. Lyall remembers meeting in Spiti a man from Great Tibet who carried a very well made and powerful sling as a weapon of defence.

[Facing p 64]

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At Rothang Pass it seemed that I was on the threshold of another world—a world where magic played the major role, where one in quiet meditation could contact the spirits that occupy a place existing far above the earth.

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The women of Gya were giggling as they started to sing. The song is a take-off on a man accused of being a lama. The man's name is Tashiwangyal and he is the singer.

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The Gya singers were accompanied by an orchestra of two musicians.

stickweed or forget-me-not, handling it as tenderly as a museum piece. When I found it near a stand of juniper, a great flood of memories poured through my mind. This was an old, familiar friend who seemed to me to be far from home. For the place where I best knew it—its accustomed place—was on the slope above my cabin in the high Wallowas of Oregon. Though it seemed strangely out of place here, this might well be closer to its home than Oregon, to which it may have been carried by animals or by planetary winds.

I was explaining this to Rahul when we heard bells. We gave them no particular attention because many caravans had bells and were continually passing along the trail just below the stone wall at the end of the slope in front of the dak bungalow. These bells got louder and louder, unlike any we had heard. They sounded as if they were the bells of dozens of caravans. We started to race down the slope to see what was about to pass under the stone wall in front of us, when the caravan turned onto our lawn.

Up front on a bay horse was Rup Singh, grinning and beaming. Behind him came ten mules heavily hung with bells. Behind them came two young men on foot—Chhomphel and Ram Chand—whistling and shouting and racing to keep the mules out of sheaths of barley freshly cut and piled behind our bungalow.

Some of these animals had the build of Missouri mules; some were closer to a donkey's stature. Two were gray; others were bay. There was one chestnut and one that seemed to have a touch of palomino in him. Most of them had tassels hanging from their necks—red or yellow and about two feet long. Each had bells. Some of the bells were eighteen inches or so long, as wide as a fruit jar, heavy and ponderous, and deep-throated. These were the basses. Some were tiny bells smaller than a walnut, with two dozen strung on a leather band that fastened around the neck, a bit reminiscent of Christmas sleigh bells. These were the sopranos. There were bells as big as apricots, similarly fastened to leather

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

neck straps. These were the altos. A few of the mules had a half dozen larger bells each—bells of the size of teacups. These were the tenors. And a few of the mules had bells that were hung inside each other like camel bells of Persia. These bells ran almost a full scale. 492 534

Bells, bells, bells! What a din they made! Every movement of an animal rang a bell. As they milled around us the noise was so great we could hardly hear each other. I found myself shouting to Rahul and he in turn relayed the message in a shout to Rup Singh. It appeared that Rup Singh had had no lunch. He would get lunch, return at once, and we would push on to Jispa, fourteen miles distant, this afternoon. Rup Singh left with his mule train, and when the noise gradually died out a deep quiet settled over the peaceful dak bungalow. We sat on our packs until late afternoon. Rup Singh did not appear. We were up early the next morning and yet there was no sign of him. It was not until ten o'clock that he appeared. Our plan to reprimand him for his long delay immediately evaporated. As soon as the mules entered our gate we were drowned in music. Bells, bells, bells. They did something to us. We were at once relaxed, happy, excited. We greeted the smiling Rup Singh as a long-lost brother, forgetting to scold him. There was music in the air, music in our hearts. At last we were off to high adventure—adventure set to music, the haunting music of tinkling bells, booming bells, soft melodious bells, bells that set a tingling sensation running up and down the spine. The music of the bells had reflex effects in our fingers, our toes, our legs. I found myself trying to catch up with the music, trying to walk to its rhythm. And then a mule would break away, change his pace, and set up a discordant note. Then there would be more noise than music. Yet even so there was a melodious chant deep in the noise. Rup Singh's muleteers, Chhomphel and Ram Chand (two young men in their twenties), drove stakes and stretched a chain between them at ground level. When they tied the mules to this chain, the music subsided

except when a quarrel between two mules would end in biting. But even so the effect of the music carried over. I noticed that Rup Singh as he loaded the mules (in a manner similar to our Montana packs) was softly, almost inaudibly singing.

"What is your song?" I asked.

"Not a song," he said. "I'm just talking to myself and the mules."

"What are you saying?"

He laughed as he replied, "Hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry."

Hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry. That seemed to be the effect of the bells on both the mules and the men. Actually they may not have had any such effect. For as the days passed I noticed that my mule train could not be pushed above an average of two and one quarter miles an hour. Yet hour after hour, day after day, hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry seemed to be the message of the bells.

We skirted cliffs that dropped off a thousand feet below us. The bells rang out—hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry. We climbed steep pitches to reach high passes of sixteen, seventeen, eighteen thousand feet. In spite of the thin air, the command of the bells was always hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry. We swung down meandering canyons, forded streams, crossed high basins, passed through herds of wild asses, pushed into the nose of severe storms, threaded through narrow, rocky defiles, climbed to hogback ridges along swinging trails of switchbacks—and always the command of the bells was hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry. We were in the coarse sand of wind-blown ridges, or among rounded boulders of old river beds, or in rock fields of granite splintered by frost from overhanging cliffs, or on bleak and barren plateaus pock-marked with the huge holes of whistling, fat-bellied marmots, or in high meadows touched with green from a thinning turf. And the mule train played the same message—hurry, hurry—hurry, hurry.

Our first night out from Kyelang I asked Rup Singh about the bells. Most caravans had bells, but none ever had so many bells.

These bells gave a complete orchestration. We could be heard for a mile. Why so many bells? 492 534

Rup Singh grinned as he replied, "The music is good for the mules. The louder the music, the more contented they are. It keeps them from quitting--keeps them going."

Perhaps Rup Singh was right; perhaps he was only transferring to the mules his own attitude. Certain it is that the bells had a profound effect on us. They broke the monotony of bleak trails. They picked up one's spirits when physical fatigue set in. When one was aboard, they gave relief from the constant jogging of the animal. Even on the slowest stretches, the most grueling climbs, they produced the sense of motion, of progress, of achievement. They often produced these effects in curious ways.

Frequently it seemed to me that the mules were synchronizing their steps to produce familiar tunes. Up front was a big gray mule with a long, yellow tassel hanging from his neck. He led the way, picking the trail, choosing from among alternate routes, grinding steadily on, never stopping, not even nibbling, except for bites at overhanging boughs of willow trees. His role was one of steady industry. The other mules were not tied; each was on his own. For the most part they walked single-file, staying close together. Then the mule train would pick up a rhythm, and I would catch pieces of familiar tunes.

Occasionally on a fast pace I would hear a part of the refrain, *"It's a long, long way to Tipperary, and my heart's right there."* Usually the beat was slower, more measured, such as *"Old MacDonald had a farm, E–I–E–I–O."* The pace would slightly change, there would be discord, and then as clear as any bell would come:

There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true.

There would be another change and "The Tattooed Lady" would tumble out.

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• 534

Come on and see,
Come on and see
The famous picture gallery.

The pace would quicken, "The Tattooed Lady" would fade away, and in her place would gradually emerge:

How are you going to keep them down on the farm
After they've seen Paree?

During one day's travel pieces of dozens of familiar songs would be played on the bells. Medleys by the score would echo from granite cliffs in narrow canyons or wing away on the severe winds that howl across the high Himalayan basins. No piece would ever be completed. This was mutilated music—pieces of tunes strung together by jumbles of discordant notes. And yet there was a haunting quality about it. It had a quickening effect on tired muscles. It lifted up the heart. It seemed to make the seven of us humans and the eleven animals part and parcel of one endeavor, one adventure.

"Perhaps Rup Singh is right," I said to Rahul at one of our last camps. "The bells have helped carry me to great heights. That I know. They may also have helped the mules."

And Rahul, a brilliant product of the land where mysticism is supreme, nodded knowingly and said, "Of course, music helps every living thing."

There was another reason for the bells. Rup Singh, like his father before him, was in the caravan business. Sometimes he carried the goods of others. On this trek of mine he had two mules loaded with produce for Leh, some of it silk brocades from Bombay. Usually, however, Rup Singh carried goods of his own to sell along the way. The bells would tell the coming of the caravan.

I remember when we came to Upshi on the Indus, near the end of our trek, early one afternoon. The villagers heard our mule train at least a mile away. A ragged urchin scooted across a barley

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field headed for his house, shouting, "Here comes the caravan." An old blind man sitting in the sun in a niche along a cobblestone way lifted his head, pounded on the wall with his cane, and called out, "Dolma, Diki, Zila, come quickly. Here's the caravan." Children rushed to the edge of flat roofs, pointing and shouting. Women cultivating the fields ran to the willows along the trail, excitement in their eyes and on their tongues. Men bestirred themselves and drifted down to the house of the head man of the village where we were going. Two women hurried to a balcony overlooking the path; and as we passed one of them said, "Now, Dolma, we can get some talcum powder at last."

The bells brought news and goods from the outside world, a world so far away, so remote, that the stories about it seemed like legends. Yet that strange world sent wondrous products to the farthest reaches. And my musical mule train told of their coming with its bells, bells, bells.

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

CHAPTER 16

AN INCARNATE LAMA

The founder of Hemis Monastery was Stagtsang Raspa, a lama who in the eleventh century came to the nulla where Hemis now stands, looking for a retreat where he could pray and commune. This nulla, narrow, secluded, and quiet, was ideal for his purpose. Willow, poplar, and alder trees shaded it. Clear, cold water poured from springs in bounteous supply. There was solitude broken only by water pouring over rocks, by wind in the trees, and by the harsh churr-churr of the mountain finch. Stagtsang Raspa spent many months in this primitive retreat, trying to make contact with his deity or god-protector (Yidam), who would lead him to the Highest Blessful State.

The lovely nulla visited by Stagtsang Raspa is no longer the quiet place he knew. It is today filled by a thriving monastery of five hundred lamas who keep the place bustling with energy. And twice a day the canyon is filled with hundreds of deep-throated echoes that seem to come from the bowels of the earth. These are the blasts of twelve-foot horns blown from the roof of the monastery to open the day at 5:30 A.M. and close it at 8 P.M.

792 That afternoon after I had presented my gifts to the Rinpoche
796 the Lobon invited Rahul and me to attend Rinpoche's prayers. Rinpoche has two prayer meetings daily. The lamas of the monastery have three. They are held in the chapel. Rinpoche, during his minority, holds his prayer meetings in his room.

Rahul and I, our shoes off, sat on the floor facing Rinpoche. He was on a dais opposite us, his back to the window. Phuntzog sat on cushions against the wall to the left of Rinpoche. Next to Phuntzog sat two lamas. Against the wall to our left and facing the Lobon was the teen-age acolyte who was the playmate of Rinpoche.

792 A drum about two feet in diameter stood on a pedestal before
796 the Lobon, and attached to the drum were cymbals. A small bowl
• 534 of corn was at the Lobon's knees. Each of the lamas on his left had a large Tibetan trumpet. The acolyte across the room had a horn shaped like a hunting horn but made of silver. Before each person was a typical Tibetan prayer book—a collection of sheets of paper about six by eighteen inches, unbound, and held between two long, narrow boards.

On a low stand in front of Rinpoche was a gold *dilbu* or bell (female symbol of wisdom); a gold *dorje* or thunderbolt about six inches long, solid in the middle and slightly bulging and open at the ends (male symbol of method); and a feather duster in a holder.

The Lobon played the cymbals and beat the drum with a stick bent in the shape of a huge question mark. The two lamas blew on the trumpets; and the young acolyte tried to outdo them all by vigorous management of the silver hunting horn. The music filled the room with a deafening sound, for the space was small, not more than fourteen by eighteen feet. It was a rather monotonous chant, a simple tune played over and over again for an hour and a half. With the music came the prayers. Sometimes the prayers would cease while the music went on. Sometimes the music would cease while the prayers continued. But for the most part the prayers were read to the accompaniment of the music.

Once in a while Rinpoche would ring the gold bell with his left hand or with his right hand take the feather duster out of its holder and then put it back. Once in a while the Lobon would toss a few grains of corn across the room in front of Rinpoche.

These were incidental. The main effect was in the music and the chanting. It was an almost magical effect. The beating of the drum and the cymbals, the sound of the trumpets and the horn became a primitive exercise and stirred something deep inside me. It seemed that these musicians were trying to call out the devils in all of us. Then came the incantations in pursuit, driving harder and harder, faster and faster, unending in their effort to suppress the evil forces. The voice of the Lobon was deep in bass. His words poured in a mad rush of syllables to form recitations almost unintelligible. On and on he went, supplying greater and greater emphasis. His deep voice rose and fell—rising in supplication, falling to a whisper, mounting to indignation, dropping to humble praise. Over and over again went the refrain.*

There was something at first harsh and repelling in the music. Then the horn and trumpets, though louder than any of the instruments, somehow faded to the background of consciousness. The cymbals, too, seemed to come from afar. The room was dominated by the drum, the rhythmic beating, beating, beating. And with the beating, beating, beating of the drums came the chant of the Lobon—deep and guttural, up and down, sad and plaintive, loud and demanding, soft and pleading.

It was a hypnotic ritual. The words seemed to be meaningless incantations, falling from the lips of the Lobon in indistinct guttural sounds. The words and the drum set up curious vibrations and cast a spell. Many times I have had the experience of being lost in the music of a symphony, carried away on clouds to worlds remote from the hall or library where I sat. This prayer meeting was different. This music and chanting were holding a man, drawing him like a magnet, pulling him into a strange, psychic vortex

*See page 333.

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until he was swallowed by the beatings of the drum and the chanting of the Lobon.

I had read Forman, *Through Forbidden Tibet*, and his account of how sorcerers one day had conjured up before him and a group of lamas Yama, the King of Hell, and the attendants at Yama's court—Lust, Greed, and Anger. Forman with his own eyes thought he saw Yama, with his thirty-four arms and nine heads and a garland of human skulls about his shoulders. Perhaps he experienced mass hypnotism. Perhaps it was human television.

I had no such experience. But as I sat in Rinpoche's room with my head bowed and my eyes closed, listening to the beating of the drum and the incessant, liquid mutterings of the Lobon, I knew at once that hypnotism was real. I felt the power of music and the human voice and for the first time knew its vast potentiality. Though there was some force fastening itself onto me, I did not try to rebel. For an hour or more I submitted to its decree.

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In the name of the Triad! O divine Lord, Mun!
In the name of the Triad! O Lotus-bearer, Hun!
In the name of the Triad! O Scepter-bearer, Hun!

In the name of the Triad! O immortal Being, adoration!
In the name of the Triad! O wrathful Vajra, flame-necked, hu-lu!
—hu-lu!—hun!—Phat!

In the name of the Triad! Universal Wisdom, adoration!
In the name of the Triad! Ah! Teacher of Supreme Intelligence, Holy-one, Hun-hun!

O Mani, Mani, Great Mani, SAKYA-Mani, adoration!
O Lotus-bearer, hun!—*O fierce and greatly angry,* Hun-phat!

O Pleasure, Pleasure, Mighty Pleasure, adoration!
O Intellect, Intellect, Understanding, adoration!
O MAITREYA, Maitreya, Great Maitreya, venerated Maitreya, adoration!

12: Douglas T-3 (1951)1953 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

538 788 Then came the hunter, who, seeing the deer and the dog lying down together, believed the dog had been bewitched. So he drew his sword to kill the dog. As he approached, Mila Repa began to intone, "*Om Mani Padme Hoom, Om Mani Padme Hoom.*" The hunter was strongly affected by the chant. He stood undecided and torn. Before long he returned his sword to the scabbard and, approaching Mila Repa, prostrated himself before the Holy One.

535 796 A lama dance (*chham*) is built around these characters[1]—a play illustrating the old Tibetan proverb and Buddhist teaching, "There is no sin so great as killing."

Phuntzog put on some lama dances for us. But the act of the deer, the dog, and the hunter was not included. The dances we saw, like the old morality plays of Europe, were a church service in the true sense of the term.

They were performed in the courtyard in front of the main monastery building. Opposite the stairs leading down from the monastery sat the Rinpoche and the Lobon. Each of them is usually dressed in a long, flowing, dark red robe, wrapped toga-like around him so that his right arm is bare. Now the left arm was bare, and a bright yellow shawl was draped over the shoulders and around the waist. Rinpoche wore a peaked red hat that had no brim but came down over the back of his neck. Phuntzog wore a big red hat whose brim flared up and stood like great sails sewn together. Rinpoche sat on a dais with the gold bell and gold *dorje* in front of him. Phuntzog sat on his right. Farther to the right was a great array of musicians—trumpeters, drummers, and two men who blew giant horns. They were bedecked in gaily [534] colored clothes and tall red hats of various designs. The trumpets were of the clarinet type, made of wood and brass. The drums stood on edge, held four or five feet off the ground by a pedestal, and attached to them were cymbals. The drums were struck by sticks bent into the shape of huge question marks. The two horns (*shawms*) were each twelve feet long. The larger end was about eighteen inches in diameter. It rested on the ground.

[1] [From legends. See p. 173 -- ANALYST]

Dr. Douglas T-S (1933)1993 ASH U. Thomas 6.14

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Bakula is a Yellow Sect lama whose soul has been traced back beyond Buddha.

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The Ladakhis are poor people—poor in the strictest sense in which we use the word.

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The castle of the King of Ladakh still stands. But it is today empty—filled with cobwebs, bats, and the memories of an ancient power that events have transferred to other hands.

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Zila played the daps and sang of love in a sad and melancholy voice.

[facing p. 192]

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

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DEDICATION OF A NEW MANI WALL.

At each end are *chortens*.

A MONASTIC BAND.

One small lay child supports the ends of two long shawms.

A GREETING.

Women who have come out to greet the British Joint Commissioner with flour, water, chang (local beer) and fire. To the right a "band" of welcome is provided by one gentleman!

[FACING p. 48]

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

the discussions which were subsequently held at this conference, there seemed to be absolutely no doubt that they had no grounds at all for their contentions.

So off we go one beautiful summer evening from Leh to accomplish our first stage, which happens to be quite an easy one. There is a beauty about the summer evenings and the sunsets, especially in the autumn, of this long stretch of broad valley through which the Indus runs, which must be hard to rival in any other of the world's uplands. The roads we travel do not vary much from others we have described, and a detailed account would be tedious, so let us just look at a picture here and there as we go along.

We are now travelling with the representative of his Majesty the King, one of that splendid set of men working for the good of India and the maintenance of the Empire, of whom we are justly proud. Our reception in each village testifies to the fact of his exalted position. As we enter, we are met by the village band, consisting of two to three kettle-drums, and a similar number of flageolets. High up on the hill overlooking the village stands the monastery, and on the edge of the roof twenty to thirty lamas, silhouetted against the evening sky, are busy with their musical honours, wearing their red priestly robes and those weirdly shaped hats which lamas like to don. At one end are several lamas with big flat drums, measuring about three feet in diameter and about a third of the thickness of an English drum, with a handle attached to the brim so that they are supported by the hand underneath at the level of the waist; in shape they much resemble the old fashioned warming-pan. An ordinary drumstick may be good enough for an Englishman, but here something with a more characteristic shape is preferred, so it is formed like a long sign of interrogation. Next to the drummers are those who clash fine large brass cymbals with a very resonant clang. One of our English friends has made a pair of these into a dinner-gong, and a very imperative

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

576 summons they produce. Next come those who blow the
● 534 flageolets, whilst the further end of the row is assigned to the long shawms, which are so long that, when they are put away, the three parts of which they consist have to be telescoped one into the other. Priestly music must be described elsewhere, but the greeting to the Commissioner consists of single notes blown on shawms, and flageolets, clanged on cymbals, and beaten on drums at the same time, with a slow rhythm. This is not nearly so discordant as might be imagined, and when produced in its own setting seems quite
576 harmonious. Again we are riding across a desert road with
534 a village well to the left. The inevitable band has been
292 sent to the roadside to play us their greeting, but next to them there is a group of four women, gay in their bright red and green, ceremonial or dancing cloaks, lined with long sheep-skins; one holds a pot of local beer, the next a plate of flour, the third a vessel of water, and the last presents glowing
000 embers. One's thoughts almost naturally revert to that scene in the Bible, where Abraham, having followed the army which had carried off his cousin Lot, returning victoriously was met by Melchizedek, King of Salem, with bread and wine. Thus does the unchanging East still keep up its ancient customs, even on the sandy plains of Western Tibet. Abraham no doubt took of the fare provided, but we had not been fighting an enemy, and did not feel the need of sustenance just then. In my politest Tibetan I explained that the Commissioner did not drink *Chang* (the local beer), which harmless and perfectly true remark only produced roars of laughter.

Now we have ascended the Changla, a pass of about 18,000 feet, and to right and left of our road have seen the most wonderful variety of wild flowers. Looking back from the head of the pass, we see about fifty feet below us a large, perfectly purple patch of ground, made up of a mass of wild primulas—surely a remarkable sight at such an elevation.

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

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THE TOWN BAND OF LEH

who appeared in the Moravian Mission Compound of their own accord to greet the bride and bridegroom on their return from Church on the rare occasion of a Sahib's wedding in Leh.

A PRIVATE CHAPEL.

The service resembling High Mass being held on the verandah of a "private chapel" in the summer residence of a prominent Tibetan in Leh.

Facing pg. 104

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

acts as mentor. He probably has a shop on the other side of the road, and keeps his eye open for stray customers while listening to his pupils. He reads a phrase and all the boys say it after him. Ask taught or teacher to explain what has been read, and they will acknowledge complete ignorance, and this with absolutely no feeling of shame. In Mohammedanism and Buddhism it seems as if the letter does not kill, but gives life. If the teacher is tired, he allows his class to practise reading by themselves. Each boy reads in a loud voice what 'seemeth him good,' and a horrible noise results.

Next in importance, though not in status, come the musicians and minstrels. Although no function is complete without the band, yet those providing the music are low in caste and classed with carpenters, both generally of Mon descent. They possess two kinds of instruments only, the small kettle-drum, the parchment of which is tightly stretched over a wooden frame shaped like a large bowl and is beaten with two short sticks; these drums are termed *dummadums*, which describes the music made so accurately that nothing further need be said. The other instrument is the flageolet, made of wood about two feet long, decorated with silver, and having a small metal mouthpiece. The tone this produces is a beautifully mellow one, and the tunes consist of many demi-semi-tones. If necessary these gentlemen will play almost continuously from morning till night, only needing a little beer or butter-tea and barley-flour occasionally to keep them going. These are the professional musicians, but many an ordinary family can boast its bard, who recounts the wonderful deeds performed by the mythical King Kesar, or tells of an heroic act done by some ancient townsman. The story is told, but every now and again the teller breaks into song, accompanying himself on his home-made fiddle. This is much like its Western counterpart, only the wooden section is narrower, shorter and deeper, and this sound-box is covered above with parchment. Strings are made of sheeps' GUT, AND THE BOW OF HORSEHAIR.

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W ..ibetans AJ4

gut, and the bow of horsehair. Let us listen to Tsiring Rolmar, as she recounts to her husband and her two boys, one of these stories. In the corner of their living-room is the stove, behind which sits the housefather on a slightly raised platform, before him his cup of tea which he sips the while. On the opposite side, also sitting cross-legged, is his lady, who while she spins her yarn, blows the fire with her goatskin bellows, and at her side her youngsters drink in the story. Like all good tales hers begins—"Once upon a time," and goes on to tell of King Sralkai, of his little son Ulastopgyes, the princess Laches, and their cruel step-mother, who in order to rid herself of her husband's children feigned illness, and asked him to go to a certain old woman physician who lived on a hill far away. While the King was on the road thither, the wicked queen, successfully disguised, took a short cut and arrived at the mountain first, then told the King that the only cure for his queen was a meal made of the hearts of his two children. Sadly he returned, and we follow the prince and princess through a long and tedious history of various unsuccessful attempts to murder them, until eventually Ulastopgyes is recognized as a prince and is crowned king of a great country. His thoughts return to his poor old father, and he goes to rescue him from the wicked queen, who turns out to be a witch and is slain, whilst, of course, the rest live happily ever afterwards. But do not imagine this story is told in so few words—an hour would not suffice for all the details, and many cups of tea are drunk before the fortunate family is eventually allowed to "live happily ever after." Of such stories there must be hundreds, and for every myth or fairy-tale which we have in the West, the Ladaki has his Tibetan version. In the same way it would not be difficult to find a Ladaki proverb similar to almost every English one. Besides the story-teller and his fiddled accompaniment, there is the amateur with musical propensities who can express his feelings on a flute, also home-made, just a bit of hollow stick

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

534 with the necessary holes and the mouth-piece. So one often hears a piping from the youths who stroll out in the fields on a summer evening, or finds a hidden talent being brought to light among one's servants round the camp fire in the leisure following the day's march and cooking.

443 438 439 But no description of Ladak could be complete which did not consider the merchants who meet here from the four points of the compass, especially during the months of September, October and early November. At this time the Leh bazar becomes full of all sorts and conditions of men—the fair Yarkandi jostling the slit-eyed Tibetan, the Kulu man or his neighbour from Lahoul doing business with the men from Baltistan, Kashmir and most provinces of Northern India. And what do all these folk bring? From the North comes the Yarkandi with carpets of garish colours, furs of snow-leopard, fox and wolf, stone martin and beaver, Khotan silks and thick felt mats. It has taken him a full month of most difficult travelling over vast mountain ranges to get here, in fact the road is marked out in some places by the bleaching skeletons of man and beast. Before he can sell his wares, he will have to travel another month to reach the Plains of India. Here he purchases cloth which he takes back to his home and sells there at a good price. Many of the Yarkandis combine religion and business, coming over the passes in the late summer of the year, and going *via* Bombay to Mecca, then, after the sacred pilgrimage has been accomplished, they return through India, still trading, to cross the passes the following autumn. In Leh, the Yarkandi has either to buy horses or sell them, for the Kashmir State makes its own transport arrangements between Leh and Srinagar, but from 437 here to Yarkand no such facilities exist. It is amusing to watch them doing a horse deal, for though it is done in public, outsiders are none the wiser concerning the purchase price. Each man places a hand up the voluminous sleeve of the other. Says the buyer—"I will give you *Imeme*" simul-

13: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

526 by the high wall of the Wazir's or State Commissioner's
345 garden, on the other by a low wall about one foot high built of large stones, piled one on top of the other without mortar or cement or even mud. Halfway along this, a platform of mud and stones has been erected, from the top of which "the notables" watch the game, a *Shamiana* or awning being erected on high days. Two large stones at either end are
● [534] sufficient as goal-posts. On the ground itself to one side sits the band of four; two flageolets and two kettle-drums. These at one moment are announcing another goal obtained and at another are defending themselves from the polo sticks, for
526 the game is raging right in their midst. But now let us turn our attention to the players and their mounts. Here it is not the rich man's game, a stud of horses is quite unnecessary. Even a poor farmer possesses one pony, and if he makes himself a stick, he, too, can join in. The stick is quite easily manufactured, its shape being that of an English hockey stick, but with a longer handle. By making this and the striking end of two pieces, and letting the former into the latter, a rude splice is obtained. Rules for play there would seem to be none. If your opponent gets in your way, ride him down. If only six players have come, three a side will do, if ten players turn up, two fives make an equally good game. Although play can last for as long as you like, the same poor miserable pony is used the whole time, and will hardly enjoy it as much as the English one is said to do.

Now the play begins. The ball has been thrown into the centre of the course and four horsemen are trying to get it. A pig-tailed Ladaki has it, and is riding as hard as he can for his opponents' goal. His hitting is beautifully clean, and the playing of the band announces a goal for his side. His enemies' posts now become his own, which he has to defend. Now watch him carefully, for he will show you a pretty piece of play. He has dismounted, picked up the ball, and, remounting, takes both it and his stick in his right hand, then gallops

13: Heber and Heber D-8 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

applause of either the band or the onlookers. Is it necessary to say that the inevitable band is there[1] also? The shooting begins. An archer takes up his position, draws his bow, his friends encouraging him by calling: "*Shok, shok, shok, shok, shok, shok, shok,*" and continuing to do so until the shaft has flown. Should it break the clay, the band strikes up and is rewarded with a backsheesh, whilst the archer has a salutation scarf thrown round his neck. If an enemy should be shooting, he can be discouraged by shouting:—"*Kyor, kyor, kyor,*" which means "miss." All having loosed their arrows, of which each man shoots three, they retire for refreshments and conversation, whilst the arrows are fetched back. This competition also lasts three days, during which Leh is not allowed to forget it, for the continuous beating of the kettle-drums is constantly inviting more spectators to the show.

In concluding this chapter we would like to refer to some of the sport which the white man enjoys in this country. A certain number of shooting licences are given every year, namely twenty for the first half of the year and twenty for the second. These are generally used by Army officers, men of the finest stamp. It is only the "stern strong souls, who love the wild," who would face the biting winds which howl across these upland plains, who would put up with the loneliness, and often the bad cooking and limited supplies, which shooting there entails, and who would follow their quarry even to 17,000 feet, though already lungs are working at bursting point. To have to shoot immediately after such a climb, when one is still breathing hard, the heart working at about one hundred and twenty to the minute, and the hands shaking from exertion, is no easy matter. And yet it is worth it all. Is there anything on God's earth more thrilling than a few days up in His hills with a good rifle in one's hands and a splendid animal to be stalked? It seems such a pity that the expense makes this almost prohibitive for our younger officers, for surely such a holiday must make them fitter for

[1] [i.e., at archery contests.—ANALYST.]

12: Heber and Heber D-3 (1914-25) 1926 AJ4 W. Tibetans AJ4

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A Skushog and his Monastic Band

greeting the British Joint Commissioner on his tour. The Abbot is seated on a "wooden throne."

The Big Drum.

A similar band, shewing especially the type of drum used with its hooked beater, like a large mark of interrogation.

The Chief Tibetan Representative and his Son

who have come to confer with the British and State (Wazir) Joint Commissioners of Ladak about a boundary dispute.

Opp. Pg. 102

/Illustrations and Photographs./ [1]

532 /(1)/ Number 1. Dance of the bride purchasers (Drawing by a native artist in Ladakh).
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535 The bride purchasers (five here instead of seven) can be identi-
534 fied by their tall, golden hats, which characterize them as "children
415 of the gods." The leader is holding an arrow with little flags in his hand. They dance by sliding a shawl like a snake across their shoulders. The music: Two oboe players, two drummers each with two kettledrums, and two tambourine beaters. The people clap their hands to the beat of the music. The family of the bride is inside the tent. Beer jugs made of clay and brass.

778 /(2)/ No. 2. Altars that have fallen into disrepair, dedicated
772 to the three realms of the world. They were probably painted blue, red, and white. In the Skinling Valley near Khalatse.

531 No. 3. Rock drawings along the Indus River near Khalatse.
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137 Buddhist stupas, between them a small, horned altar belonging to the pre-Buddhist religion. Twigs of the caper shrub.

778 /(3)/ No. 4. Rig-adzin-mgon-po of Gad-pa near Leh.

Three stupas of blue, white, and red color respectively. Continued existence of altars painted in the same manner and belonging to the old religion, within Buddhism.

133 /(4)/ No. 5. View of the Tibetan part of the upper Sutlej
778 Valley.

Rough altar of the pre-Buddhist religion. Drawing by Prince Waldemar of Prussia (1845).

772 /(5)/ No. 6. The holy mountain Purgyul in the upper Sutlej
778 Valley.

Like the Kailasas it belongs to the Tibetan Olympus. Up above live the gods and the redeemed human beings. Drawing by Prince Waldemar of Prussia (1845).

1 [See pp. 103-117, Category 116 -- Analyst]

1; Drew G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir
W. Tibetans AJ4

It would hardly be looked for that of these Bhots a considerable number should be able to read and write; but it is the case that a far larger proportion than among their neighbours—the Kashmīrīs for instance, to say nothing of the Baltīs and the Dārds—have these accomplishments. A predisposing cause to this doubtless is the length of time, during the winter, when agricultural work is stopped and occasion for indoor pursuits arises. Probably the practice of one son out of each family commonly being set apart to become a Lāmā has distinctly aided the progress of this elementary education. In almost every village there are some who can write freely and accurately.

There are certain traits of manners in a people that a traveller is very likely to miss altogether, that one only occasionally—when some unusual event brings them to view—has an opportunity of observing. Such an event was my own coming to Leh in 1871. I had visited the place before when examining into the mineral resources of the country; but that year I came to take up the Governorship of Ladākh, to which the Maharaja had appointed me. Thus I was able to observe the way in which these people receive those to whom they wish to do honour. People of all classes turned out at every inhabited place we came near. The villagers collect at the entrance of the village, with the musicians in attendance playing on flageolet and tom-tom. The women in their brightest petticoats and gayest ornaments are drawn up in line, each holding a vessel containing either barley-meal, or milk, or chang, or some other thing to eat or to drink. But these offerings are not intended to be taken as provision; they are not as the *dālīs* in India, where a very substantial amount of eatables is often given; here they are tokens merely. Lastly, some of the women carry earthen vessels in which burn chips of pencil-cedar, whose perfume is counted holy and pure. As one comes up, all place their vessels on the ground, and make profound and not undignified bows. At each village in succession that we passed through for some six days' march was this repeated. At one part of the journey we passed at a distance of a mile or two from a large monastery. A deputation of Lāmās came down to the road

1: Drew G-3 (1862-1872) 1875 AV1 Kashmir W. Tibetans AJ4

576 to receive me. Besides these, a band of eight red-gowned monks stood on a rocky spur above and gave a loud welcome with their
● [534] music. Two played on flageolets; two bore cymbals; other two had drums mounted on standards and held up on high, where long curved iron drum-sticks reached to beat them; and the last pair played on long horns, which, too heavy to be held in hand, rested their curved ends on the ground. With this power of sound the eight made wild music among the mountains; the horns droned in a way melancholy and touching, but this strain was relieved by the clashing of the cymbals and the bold sound of the drums, while, through all, the flageolets brought out a more definite melody. At Leh itself all the population came out either to meet us or to see the crowd that met us. The hundreds of Ladākhīs —for numbers that are reckoned by hundreds make an unusual concourse in these thinly-peopled parts—the men of the numerous other races that collect at Leh, the eagerness of all to see me, and their respectful salutations of welcome, made, with the scene of the strange-looking town, with its edging of green gardens and cornfields, surrounded close by rocky hills, with lofty mountains in the farther view around, in the brightness and freshness of summer morn, a scene which I recall with pleasure—with pleasure more unmixed than that which a like assemblage gave me on the later day when with regret I said farewell to Leh, to the Ladākhīs I had for a time ruled over, and to the men I had worked with—a lowering winter's day that not in vain threatened snow—as they accompanied me for some miles down the road on my first march towards home.

MONASTERIES AND LĀMĀS.

792 In nearly every village, in some parts of Ladākh in every
361 village, is a monastery of greater or less importance; it sometimes holds but one or two Lāmās or monks, sometimes it is the home of hundreds. The monasteries are the most conspicuous buildings in the country; they are always somewhat apart from the houses of the village; they are often situated in high places difficult of access—on a spur of the mountain or on an isolated

2: Biscoe M-3 (1890-ca. 1920) 1922 AV4 Kashmiri W. Tibetans AJ4

CHAPTER XVII

A TRIP TO LADAKH (*continued*)

SOME little time before we reached Mulbe we had heard noises like the bellowings of the bulls of Bashan, for they seemed to be more than ordinary bellowings. As we turned the corner we heard other sounds, such as the beating of drums and cymbals and squealing flageolets, and then came into view the monastery band. The monks were dressed up in their best red garments, with most curious and awe-inspiring headgear, consisting of huge red-cloth helmet-looking erections which gave the band a very smart and martial appearance. The trumpets which bellowed and brayed so loudly were of copper, about seven or eight feet in length, truly colossal.

Then came the abbot of the monastery with his following of monks, together with the great people of Mulbe, to welcome the Commissioner Sahib. They brought presents of food and large jugs of home-made cider, called "chang."

At Mulbe there is an inscription of King Ides abolishing living sacrifices. This was not, however, obeyed, and the people continued to sacrifice goats before the pre-Buddhist altars, tearing out the heart of the living animal. (See Dr E. F. Neve's book, *Beyond the Pir Punjal.*)

In the afternoon we were entertained by a game of polo, for every big village has its polo ground, which is generally kept in good order, the grass being kept green by irrigation.

2: Biscoe M-3 (1880-ca. 1920) 1922 AV4 Kashmiri
W. Tibetans AJ4

A Trip to Ladakh

bright red, green, yellow and gold, carved with dragons and sacred symbols. 778 353

On the tables were metal cups and goblets, and on each table was a basin of holy water, an oil lamp burning, the chalice for the "chang" (cider) and paten for the bread, a "dorje" (a prettily carved brass or silver dumb-bell-looking article used by the priest during part of the service), also a little drum often made of a human skull sawn off at the top to allow for the skin to be stretched. There were also some goblets made of human skulls, and a human thigh-bone used as a trumpet. 782 534

Down the middle of the chapel are low benches in lines, end on to the row of figures, on which the monks kneel facing the altars as they read their sacred books. On the left side of the chapel are rows of copper beakers full of chang, from which the monks refresh themselves when they become sleepy over their much reading. Then on the left wall are shelves in which their books are kept. These are long strips of paper or parchment manuscripts. 346 792 796

There are five chapels kept each day. When any great person dies the monks are paid to read through a certain number of their holy books. They each take so many pages, and read through them aloud, all together, each one reading something different, so there must be a fair volume of sound. I do not know if volume of sound has any value and so adds to the merit of reading so many thousands of words.

These people have evidently thought out a truly mechanical way to salvation. When electric power reaches Ladakh and prayer wheels are worked by motors, merit will speed up a great deal and Nirvana will be within reach of all. The chapel needed much cleaning. There was an overwhelming smell of lamp oil, or burning 788 344 792